

## Sweater Weather by N\_Peggy (RJPhaNTom)

**Series:** [Mileven Song Shorts \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

‘Cause it's too cold whoa

For you here and now

So let me hold whoa

Both your hands in the holes of my sweater’

-‘Sweater Weather’ by The Neighbourhood

The Party™ take a day trip to Malibu Beach, but Eleven and Mike aren’t speaking to each other, and Mike has no idea why.

## Sweater Weather

### Author's Note:

Hello again, here's Part 2 of 'Mileven Song Shorts!' Turns out, updates with this series will be sporadic. I hope you enjoy this short story and I'll see you in the next one.

Mike's was feeling grumpy on the drive up to Malibu Beach. El had refused to acknowledge his existence the night before and he didn't know why or what he had done to get her like this. Because of that, El was sitting sandwiched between Will and Dustin, with Max driving and Lucas in the passenger seat next to her, leaving Mike to sit by himself and brood in the very back, and that was fine by him.

The plan of action was for The Party™ to spend a day at the beach before watching the sunset and participate in a bonfire planned that night after the sun made its descent. Unfortunately, Mike was never one to go to the beach. He would much prefer the community pool back home in Hawkins.

Max had pulled up to the area and each member piled out. Meanwhile, Mike was covered head to toe due to the fact that he was notorious for freckling up and burning under the sun and already was he sweating under the layers he had chosen to wear.

"You sure you're not going into the water with us? You're missing out!" Lucas asked. Mike just shrugged.

"You know how bad I am with the sun." His eyes trailed to his (ex?)girlfriend as she was stripped down to her swim suit, taking out a bottle of sunscreen and proceeding to lather herself up with the product. Lucas followed his friend's gaze.

"Ah, had a fight with your girl, huh?" Mike deflated slightly. "I can tell you two weren't sneaking kisses or holding each other close like you always are." Lucas teased, prompting Mike to roll his eyes and glare at his best friend and neighbour.

“That’s the thing! After last night, she won’t even talking to me! I have no idea what I did to make her mad.” The brunette sighed. “Whatever happened, I’m sure things will let up. Just, be the bigger man and apologize,” “Even if I have no idea why she’s mad at me for?” “Just talk to her.” His friend just patted him on the back before he went to join the rest of the Party™.

Mike had found a good spot to set down his and his friend’s things as he sat under a parasol, sitting on towels as he watched his friends splash and play in the water, deciding to kill time by writing a campaign in his binder.

But he couldn’t concentrate on the continuing adventures of The Party™ in the realm of Dungeons and Dragons when his mind would think back to the fight he and El had and his ideas suddenly flew out the window.

He set his stuff aside, deciding on maybe taking a nap when he suddenly felt a presence, looking up to meet the eyes of El as she shivered, dripping wet and panting slightly from her fun in the sun. The two stared at each other before El broke eye contact. “I-I came to dry off.” She said. “Oh, uh...” Mike looked around him and found El’s bag, handing it to her.

The tension was high between them as Mike watched his girlfriend pat herself dry with a towel. The wind began to pick up as El set her towel down a good distance away from him before grabbing a book and beginning to read. Mike could not stop staring as El made an attempt to read, all the while shivering from the wind.

He made a move to remove one of the layers he chose to wear, a large sweater, and hand it over to her.

“I’m fine. I don’t need it.”

Mike wasn’t taking no for an answer if it involved his girlfriend’s health. He draped his sweater over her head, with El reluctantly wearing the article of clothing.

The two sat in silence once more as the sun began to set, and out of the corner of his eye, he could see her snuggle within the material, a

soft smile on her lips. As he watched the sun, he felt El lean her head against his shoulder, prompting him to lean his head on top of hers.

Questions about their argument can wait, but for now, the two were content in just being close to each other.